Petr. *Hortenſio* peace: thou knowſt not golds effect,
Tell mee her fathers name, and'tis enough:
For I will boord her, though ſhe chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumne cracke.
Hor. Her father *Baptiſta Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her name is *Katherina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her ſcolding tongue.
Petr. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceaſed father well:
I will not ſleepe *Hortenſio* til I ſee her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To giue you ouer at this firſt encounter,
Vnleſſe you will accompanie mee thither.
Gru. I pray you Sir let him go while the humor lſts. A my word, and ſhe knew him as well as I do, ſhe would thinke ſcolding would do little good vpon him. Shee may perhaps call him halfe a ſcore Knaues, or ſo: Why that's nothing; and he begins once, hee'le raile in his rope tricks, Ile tell you what ſir, and ſhe ſtand him but a litle, he will throw a figure in her face, and ſo diſfigure hir with it, that ſhe ſhall haue no more eies to ſee withall then a Cat: you know him not ſir.
Hor. Tarrie *Petruchio* I muſt go with thee,
For in *Baptiſtas* keepe my treaſure is:
He hath the Iewel of my life in hold,
His yongeſt daughter, beautifull *Bianca*,
And her with-holds from me. Other more
Suters to her, and riuals in my Loue:
Suppoſing it a thing impoſſible,
For thoſe defects I haue before rehearſt,
That euer *Katherina* will be woo'd
Therfore this order hath *Baptiſta* tane,
That none ſhall haue acceſſe vnto *Bianca*,
Til *Katherine* the Curſt, haue got a husband.
Gru. *Katherine* the curſt,
A title for a maide, of all titles the worſt.
Hor. Now ſhall my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me diſguiſ'd in ſober robes,
To old *Baptiſta* as a ſchoole-maſter.

Well ſeene in muſicke, to inſtruct
That ſo I may by this deuice at leaſt
Haue leaue and leiſure to make loue
And vnſuſpected court her by her ſe

Enter Gremio and La

Gru. Heere's no knauerie. See, t
the young folkes lay their heads tog
about you: Who goes there?
Hor. Peace *Grumio*, it is the ri
Petruchio ſtand by a while.
Grumio. A propper ſtripling, an
Gremio. Oh very well, I haue pe
Hearke you ſir, Ile haue them verie
All bookes of Loue, ſee that at any h
And ſee you reade no other Lecture
You vnderſtand me. Ouer and beſid
Signior *Baptiſtas* liberalitie,
Ile mend it with a Largeſſe. Take y
And let me haue them verie well pe
For ſhe is ſweeter then Perfume it ſe
To whom they go to: what will yo
Luc. What ere I reade to her, Ile
As for my patron, ſtand you ſo aſſur
As firmely as your ſelfe were ſtill in
Yea and perhaps with more ſucceſſe
Then you; vnleſſe you were a ſcholl
Gre. Oh this learning, what a th
Gru. Oh this Woodcocke, what
Petru. Peace ſirra.
Hor. *Grumio* mum: God ſaue you
Gre. And you are wel met, Signi
Trow you whither I am going? To
I promiſt to enquire carefully
About a ſchoolemaſter for the faire
And by good fortune I haue lighted
On this yong man: For learning and
Fit for her turne, well read in Poetri
And other bookes, good ones, I wa